Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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LOOKING BACKWARD.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Look not back, but straight ahead;
Seek the living, not the dead;
Yesterday is thine no more,
Give regretful grievings o'er.

Greet to-day with purpose new;
Now—to-day—be good and true;
Linger not in fond delay
O'er the joys of yesterday.

Weep not o'er its follies past,
Only let them be thy last;
Learn the lesson that they teach,
And to tasks more worthy reach.

Let each failure, each mistake
Spur anew thy power to make
Failure victory; no regret
Ever gained a triumph yet.

Forward, hopeful, turn thy face;
Steps which thou canst not retrace
Leave behind, and choose to-day
For thy feet the better way.

Let thy life each moment be
So unselfish, sweet, and free,
That no haunting shade shall lie
On the thoughts of days gone by.

A WINTER ANNEX.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

PART I.

LAURELDALE was an ugly little country village ten miles from a railroad, but it boasted, or might have boasted, if it had known enough to appreciate them, a set of bright, pretty, intelligent girls that would have been a treasure to any society. The girls had a flower mission; some chance visitor having been good enough to suggest it, the frequent trips of farm-wagons to the city furnishing at least weekly opportunity of sending the flowers to those who were interested in their distribution to the missions and hospitals. All through the days of spring and summer blossoms, the girls held weekly carnival in the vestry of the church, to the disgust of the crabbed old sexton, who swept out the fragrant rubbish they left behind them with sarcastic comments that must have been a relief to his vexed soul. He looked with some degree of tolerance upon tulips and roses and peonies, but when the lovely sisterhood of field and wood, even down to golden-rod and wild sun-flowers, came trooping in monthly succession, his scorn was too deep for expression. The white frills of the ox-eye daisies awakened his keenest ire.

"Wot is they for?" he asked, leaning on his broom, and peering at the girls with his sharp little eyes.

"For the hospital, and the children's mission," said Marion Swan, shaking out a lovely handful from the dewy mass. "Wont they be glad to see the bonny things!"

"I've heard tell the tea was good for chills, or night-sweats, I don't rightly remember which. Pity all the plaguey things couldn't be used up in one bilin'. Folks say thistles was part of the cuss, but I'd ruther take thistles than white daisies, 'nough sight."

"Tea!" exclaimed Marion, "hear the man! They're for beauty, and comfort, and courage, the brave, dancing, smiling blossoms."

"Waal, I du say," muttered the sexton, "ef I was sufferin' outrageous, an' a body fetched me a passel o' pesky weeds to hearten me up, I sh'd say they wus 'bout fit for a loonatic 'sylum."

But nobody heeded old Caleb's growls. The vestry of the church was used for a school-room, so he had to sweep it anyhow, and a few leaves more or less did not matter. It was only when Lucy Andrews, the very merriest of the set, was imprisoned with a sprained ankle that the vestry was abandoned for the pretty room whose sunny windows brightened with every sunbeam.

Sprains are provoking things, and the weeks dragged by until at last the season of flowers was over, the farm-wagons made their trips at longer intervals, and one day the girls of the flower mission met for their very last frolic.

In Lucy's chamber, where a cheerful little fire made a comfortable glow although the windows were open, the girls were trying to make the best of a scanty supply of chrysanthemums, frost-bitten asters, and pansies with bright faces, but provokingly short stems. Not having at their command florists' wire and wooden tooth-picks, those labor-saving devices for compelling bashful blossoms to hold up their heads, the results of their labor were not very satisfactory.

"Don't you hate to give it up though," said Florence Mather, "it has been something to do and to think of outside of Laureldale."

"It has done me good, as well as those poor things in the hospital, I know that," said Lucy. "I always hated living in a dull little town, and doing the same things over and over every summer; but since I came to realize there were plenty of people to whom just the sight of our common little flowers was a pleasure, I have appreciated them better myself. Being shut up here for six weeks has had something to do with it. You can't guess how it seems to be perfectly well, and yet have to wait for every thing you want to be brought to you."

"I'll tell you, girls," said Helen Ward, "I always dreaded the summer; we have to work so hard, and I've just despised the city folks that come out and make such a fuss over clover and green grass, and fresh air. I can tell you there's precious little fresh air in our kitchen on an August day; but this summer, when I got through my work, and sat down on the cool porch, and looked up at the sky and the stars, I always thought of the thousands of people who had to spend their days and nights in hot, suffocating rooms, without even a chance to see the sky, or get a cool breath."

"Girls," said Lucy, "we needn't disband or stop our work; I've got a perfectly splendid idea—a regular inspiration—and I got it out of a newspaper. Did any of you ever hear of a 'Shut-in Society?'"

"Made up of invalids who exchange letters and books, and papers? Yes, I have heard of it," said Marion.

"Well, there's a little branch of it in Tracy, and I've got the address of the lady who is a sort of secretary for the others."

"But we promised all our magazines and papers to Mr. Bailey, for his lumbermen up in Wisconsin."

"I know, but we will not send papers. I propose a sort of winter annex to our flower mission."

The girls stared with puzzled faces.

"Don't you remember my fernery, that was so lovely last winter? and what fun it was to watch things grow, and how always something was coming up that you didn't expect! Suppose we should make a lot of little ferneries and send them by and by to Mrs. Loomis, for herself and her invalids. They say she is one of the poorest of them herself, and has been crippled, all but her hands, for five years."

Amid a buzz of voices, a storm of questions and answers, the ways and means for this winter annex to the summer work were discussed and decided.

Lucy had thoroughly considered the whole matter, and what her busy brain had planned eager feet and fingers carried out.

Before the first snow-flake floated over the meadows, merry foraging parties had brought from the woods baskets of light, rich leaf-mold, moss of every variety, from the leathery coating of trees and rocks, with its soft shades of gray and brown, to the close-woven tapestry of green, and the plumey growth that was like a tiny forest. Small roots of liverwort, anemones, partridge-berry, ferns—all sorts of delicate things—were carefully taken up and stored in the earth in cellars where they were dark and cool. Then from the stores and from private houses came a general gathering up of old berry-boxes that had been tossed into wood-sheds or put to service to hold nails, or strings, or spools of thread. On Saturdays the girls came together, and taxed their skill and ingenuity in decorating the boxes.

Some of them were covered with the gray moss put on with glue; some were decorated with small lichens and bits of rough bark; some were coated with glue, upon which coarse sawdust was sifted, and afterward washed with liquid bronze and varnished; some had fine branched twigs bent in irregular fashion about the sides, and fastened in place by small tacks. When the twigs had dried the whole was brushed over with a rich bronze varnish. It was a bewitching kind of fancy work, and the result was certainly far beyond what they had anticipated. Squares of tin were begged and bought at the tin-shop, cut down with large shears at the corners, and neatly fitted in for linings. A hole in the middle, punched with a nail before the lining was put in, gave a chance for drainage, and then the boxes were ready for filling. First a few bits of charcoal, then the black leaf-mold mixed with sand, and in the cushiony beds were set a root of fern, dry, black, and unpromising except to experienced eyes, and every inch of the remaining space crowded with the varied plants of their autumn harvest. Then the whole was covered close with green moss, plentifully sprinkled, and the garden was made. In a case that had held twenty-four boxes of strawberries, the same number of pretty moss-covered gardens made the journey to the city on the first week in December. With each box was an envelope containing a cheery little note and the request that if convenient they might hear what came up in the boxes.

"I wish I could follow them every one," said Marion, "and see where they go, and what happens to them. Something you don't expect always comes up in dirt you get from the woods."

Of course the gardens were frozen when they reached Mrs. Loomis, but that is only what would have happened to the plants if they had been left in the woods, and did not harm them while they were fast asleep.

The expressman who took them from the office looked curiously at the box, and tilted it up to get a peep at its contents through the crack in one side, but the boxes were wrapped in paper to protect them from damage.

"Box o' strahbrees fer ye, mum," he said, as he slid it from his shoulder onto the table in Mrs. Loomis's one little room, "quite a saysonable prisent fer this time o' year. It's like yer luck intirely to be gittin' the crame o' July in Decimber."

Mike was a neighbor of Mrs. Loomis, and had been heard to say that "when she came to the gate of heaven St. Peter himself would niver sinse her fer a hiritic, but let her in for a howly saint that had been out unbeknownst, tindin' to business."

So now he did not wait to be asked, but pushing the table close to her chair, began looking for something to open the box with. The best tools he could find were a poker and a stick of wood, but they answered the purpose.

"A poker," he declared between his blows, "is the convaynientest dockyment—it don't be carried off by the childer to nail up their bits of things wid—ye can clap yer hand on it whiniver yer wantin' it, providin' it don't be some place ilse."

Mrs. Loomis watched him with all the eager interest of a child.

"O please be careful, Mike," she said, wincing at his clumsy blows. "it's something for my sick people, I know."

"Sure I'll be as tinder as if it was yerself in there," said Mike, tearing up the cover and taking out a little box, and what he called a "tiligram." "Whativer would it be, I don' know," he remarked, as he set it carefully on his broad palm and poked the top cautiously with his finger. "Faith an' it's joost a purty buurd's nest, I'm thinking." Then suddenly depositing it on the table he drew back a step, saying, "You wouldn't think now, Missus Loomis, dear, it might be wan of thim infayrnal mashines that blow ye to smithereens unbeknownst."

"O they're little ferneries," exclaimed Mrs. Loomis, hurriedly looking through the first lines of the letter that lay upon the top; "there are twenty-four of them, and they are full of ferns, and roots of things that will grow. Take them all out, Mike, and you shall have one for little Norah."

One by one the little boxes were unwrapped and displayed upon the table, Mike's enthusiasm growing with each new style of decoration, but his admiration clinging unchangeably to one that was painted black with tiny clusters of scarlet bittersweet berries fastened in an irregular wreath around it. He felt sure that little Norah, whose helpless, dangling limbs had never known any other locomotion than by means of crutches, would be drawn to the bright berries that had actually grown in the woods.

"I think myself that will please Norah the most," said Mrs. Loomis, "and now you must tell her to set the box in the sunshine, and sprinkle it every day with warm water—not *hot* water, Mike—about as warm as Ellen takes to wash the baby's face."

"Sure an' she mostly wipes it off wid a rag, an' a tasthe o' coffee, but it's that same I'll be tillin' her, mum."

"And by and by, may be not for a couple of weeks, the plants will begin to come up through the moss."

"Wont the eyes of her shine," said Mike, his own face one grin of anticipated delight, as he poured out his thanks, and left Mrs. Loomis to finish her letter and spend an hour of unmixed pleasure in deciding where each of the little boxes should go, all the time lifting her grateful heart to the loving Father who had given to these young girls such a beautiful inspiration, and let her, in her solitude, have a share in sending the blessing to others.

When her daughter came home from the telegraph office, the letter was read again, the boxes examined and admired, and their distribution discussed.

"They are like prize-boxes," said Mary, "no one can guess what may be in them, but you must have this one, mother. I'll choose for you."

"Well," said Mrs. Loomis, "I'll take that, if I have any; but it seems as if I should almost get my share of the pleasure seeing them all and sending them out."

"Yes, and hearing from them. You'll have twenty-four boxes, in different places, to watch, but this one is going to stay here.

You are so generous you are getting stingy, and grudge yourself every thing. I shall not have my mother cheated by any body; I'll look out for her if you will not."

"Those blessed girls!" said Mrs. Loomis, laughing at her daughter. "I must write to them to-morrow; they'll certainly have their reward."

"Yes," said Mary, slowly, "they'll be rewarded; and yet I dare say it was only a little bit of amusement for them, that didn't cost them any sacrifice or self-denial—it doesn't seem as if —"

"I know, dear, but the thing is to be led by Him, and do for his sake, whether we walk in pleasant places or through the desert. It's a good thing that some of his children have the time and opportunity to do what you and I can't."

"You're a blessed little mammy, and I wont be mean," said Mary, aiming a kiss at her mother's cheek, but only hitting the tip of her nose, in her haste lest she should see the tired tears in her eyes.

One by one the boxes went out to their scattered places of destination, and after many days reports began to come in to the small brown house on Dale Street. Reports had reached the girls at Laureldale also that kept them full of eager interest in the growth of the little seed they had planted, and in February a meeting of the Winter Annex was called to hear a letter from Mrs. Loomis, written to Lucy Andrews, the secretary of the club.

LOOKING BEYOND.

They were young sisters, and they softly played
A tender strain of music, and I sate
Within the shadow, while my fancy strayed
To meet the Future, and to ask of Fate
What he had yet in store for each fair maid.

The halo of a light-illumined past
Shone round their brows, and told me, as I dreamed,
That life's wild storms had never overcast
The cloudless skies that all their youth-time beamed
With quiet gladness. Will that sunshine last?

Will life glide on a soft harmonious strain,
Like those soft sounds the sister-fingers wake?
Will no discordant note of bitter pain
Upon the melody all jarring break?—
God only knows—I seek to know in vain!

Yes, He who orders life alone can tell
What lot, or grave or gay, may come to them.
But this I know, "He doeth all things well."
And be it cross they wear, or diadem,
Or life or death, he with his own doth dwell.

—*Jessie M. E. Saxby.*

LETTER FROM EUROPE.—No. V.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

CALVIN AND SERVETUS—SKETCH OF SERVETUS—HIS MARTYRDOM.

THE Plateau of Champel is the most beautiful suburb of Geneva, but forever saddened as the place of the martyrdom of Servetus. No other event of the kind has led to more clamorous discussion than this tragedy in the history of Calvin. His responsibility for it has been and, perhaps, will always be a subject of eager debate—Calvinists denying or palliating it, anti-Calvinists affirming it, and branding him in history for it.

Servetus was a distinguished physician, and medical men have of late years shown zealous interest for him—some of them writing elaborate essays in his favor and against Calvin. My Yankee companion is a titled doctor, and gazed upon this memorable scene with tight lips. What, in these later and more impartial times, the world demands on the subject is the real facts and their honest interpretation. The latest results of research in the documents of the period are considered by good critics to be conclusively against Calvin. I cannot, of course, trace them fully in a brief letter, but shall attempt to give a just outline of the sad story, for it has seldom been given on our side of the Atlantic. I have said, thus far, many eulogistic but just things about this truly great man. I wish to be equally just about this deplorable blemish on his memory.

Servetus was a Spaniard, born in 1509. A natural genius, he was, like most men of genius, a precocious and restless thinker. In spite of all parental restraints he would think for himself, and thinking for himself he could not admit the Spanish Catholicism of his day. Luther's opinions had penetrated Spain and infected the young scholar. The Reformation had, in fact, spread southward much more than is usually supposed. It was becoming rife in Italy, and Calvin himself spent some time there. It entered Spain, and even Portugal; it seemed about to take Christendom when, in about forty years after its beginning, its geographical course was suddenly arrested. Its internal strifes and sectarianism impaired its exterior power, and prepared the way for Loyola and his Jesuits, abetted by the Inquisition, to forestall it throughout the remaining Catholic states, and even turn it backward in many places. Ecclesiastically it has made no territorial progress in them since, except casually by evangelical missions. Let me say, however, *en passant*, that a new element of power, due primarily to the Reformation, has entered into the programme and, apart from theology, is breaking up popery. "Modern liberalism"—scientific, philosophic, and political—is extending toleration, free inquiry, and new opinions over Italy and all Europe, and, so far as popery is concerned, the Reformation is still going forward.

Servetus was so bold with his new opinions that his father, fearing the Inquisition, sent him to study at the University of Toulouse, in southern France. Here, however, he exemplified the old, homely maxim about the fish "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire." Luther's opinions were rife among his French fellow-students, and of course the fervid young Spaniard (about nineteen years old) could not keep out of danger, as he would not keep silence. He hastened to Italy and found the spirit of inquiry abroad there also. And now he began that wandering, inquiring career which characterized so much the scholars of the old times—going from land to land, from university to university, debating theses, challenging traditional opinions, and fighting brave duels in public controversies.

You remember the examples of the "Admirable Crichton," Giordano Bruno, etc. Bruno, in his peregrinations, had some intellectual adventures here in Geneva; after traveling in Germany and France, he reached at last Rome itself, where the pope caught him and burnt him. Whatever were his errors he was a heroic soul, and accepted martyrdom bravely, declaring that death could only make him truly live. And he still lives. Not long since the democrats of Italy publicly assembled on the place where he was burnt, and with loud huzzahs saluted his memory as that of a precursor of modern intellectual liberty.

Death itself cannot kill a great thinker. Fire or sword can only make him live a more effective life. Servetus believed this, and resolutely went forward. He passed into Switzerland, France, and Germany, to see their reformers; his bold opinions alarmed Œcolampadius at Basel, and Bucer and Capiton at Strasburg; and Zwingli repelled him as a "Spanish rascal." While in Germany he determined to appeal to the world by his pen, and though but twenty-two years old, published (1531) his first book, and in the same year a second, on the nature of the Godhead, particularly on some variations of the doctrine of the Trinity.

Having thrown down his gauntlet in this dangerous arena,

he went to Paris and studied medicine with brilliant success. A French writer says that "as a physician he acquired great celebrity and was one of the most profound savants of the times." Medical authorities honor him as the first to teach the circulation of the blood, though its demonstration was left to the Englishman Harvey; he was the first to teach pulmonary circulation and the function of respiration in the transformation of venous into arterial blood; and first also to mention certain functions of the valves of the heart which operate immediately after birth but not before. These facts would make any physician immortal.

Servetus was hardly yet out of his youth; but he was a genius, and the insights of genius are often like intuitions. They are, however, only a finer and quicker logic than the reasoning of ordinary minds; and, indeed, the intuitions and instincts themselves are, according to some late thinkers, but rapid, unconscious reasoning, modified by the law of heredity. Be this as it may, Servetus was undeniably a genius, and in some respects saw far beyond his day. His errors, as well as his true discoveries, arose from this fact; for distant sights are seldom rightly perceived, and genius is never safe without the qualifications of good common sense. Servetus published some absurd things about medicine, and got the whole faculty of Paris by the ears; and the parliament itself had to interfere to repress the strifes of the doctors.

He hastened away to Lyons, where he published with notes Ptolemy's Geography, an annotated Bible, and a work on Thomas Aquinas. After another brief sojourn in Paris, protected by the parliament against its irate doctors, he returned again to southern France, where the archbishop of Vienne, an enlightened, liberal man, who appreciated his talents, took him into his palace as his doctor in order to shelter him from persecution. He became famous as a physician in the highest families, and beloved for "his gentle and agreeable character," says a French author; but he could not keep out of theological polemics, and indeed very few thinkers could keep out of them in those times when they filled all the air. He prepared a book on "The Restoration of Christianity," to what he deemed its primitive character, and sent parts of it to Calvin. Calvin wrote to Farel: "Servetus proposes to come to Geneva, if agreeable to me; but I wish not to engage my word, for should he come I will not suffer him to go away alive, if what little authority I have can have any power."

His new book had not yet been on sale at Vienne when a storm of persecution broke upon him; a single copy sent to Protestant Geneva had been used against him with the French Catholic authorities. His house was searched, and no traces of the book could be found; but his letters to Calvin, containing the doctrines of his book, were sent to Vienne by a friend of Calvin, and he was soon in the grasp of the Inquisition. He was imprisoned, but escaped by the aid of friends through a neighboring garden. He was, nevertheless, condemned to death. He endeavored to reach Italy, but unfortunately chose the route by Geneva. Here he remained concealed some days, but was at last detected. Calvin, in a publication after the tragedy, says expressly, "I wish not to deny that it was only by my pursuit of him that he was made prisoner." Calvin was his real accuser; but there was a curious law of Geneva which required the formal accuser, as well as the accused, to be imprisoned, in order that the former, if he failed to sustain his charges, might suffer the penalty which would be due to the latter should they be sustained. Calvin pleaded that his numerous engagements would not allow him to fulfill this condition, and devolved it upon his secretary.

Calvin prepared the evidence for the latter, who was later superseded by Colladon, a minister; at last Calvin himself acted openly as accuser. The trial lasted through two weary months. It was filled with frivolous as well as serious charges, one of which was that of impiety for having published Ptolemy's Geography, a book which, contrary to the Scriptures, represented Palestine as a sterile land. "This villainous dog," wrote Calvin after the trial, "being thus prostrated by living arguments, attempted to evade them, by wiping his snout, and saying, 'Let us pass on, messieurs; there is no harm in this.'"

Servetus seems to have been the only one concerned in the trial who apprehended correctly the right of individual judgment; he declared, as he had already in his writings, that no man "should be persecuted, and, above all, no man put to death, for theological opinions." He was, says a European writer, "a proclaimer of liberty of conscience." Every one of the reformers had proceeded by this right; not a step could they have taken without assuming it; and yet how eagerly they denied it to others. Rome had taught them to do so, and they were slow to unlearn the sinister lesson.

Servetus was condemned by an atrocious sentence. He was treated cruelly and shamefully. Calvin called him an "ass," a "rogue," a "dog," a "hog." He was kept in a filthy cell, and wrote to the city authorities, that "he wishes me to putrefy here; the vermin are eating me alive; my stockings are ragged, and I have no change of clothing, not even of my shirt. During three weeks I have not been able to obtain a hearing. The cold torments me, and I suffer from colic, hernia, etc. This is great cruelty; for the love of God give orders about it, from pity or from duty." The authorities wished to send him some clothing, but Calvin would not allow it. Servetus demanded an advocate, Calvin refused, replying that it was useless. His victim was prejudged and predoomed. Though the civil authorities had formal charge of the case, no men at all acquainted with Calvin's position in Geneva can doubt for a moment that he had absolute control of the fate of Servetus; the magistrates were morally and entirely at his command. We must make much allowance for the times, but the peculiar aggravations of this case give it peculiar enormity.

Servetus's heresy was a species of pantheism, but not atheism, nor materialism. It was an ideal or spiritual pantheism. He believed in Christ as the "Logos," and prayed to him. The nearest approach to his system in later times was probably that of Emerson, who, if he was any thing, was an ideal pantheist. Servetus, however, added practical religion—prayer, etc. Had Emerson lived in those times he would certainly have been burnt; and you and I probably would have been, had we been outspoken.

Servetus was not a mere speculator in theology, he was profoundly devout, even mystically pious. The "De Imitatione" of à Kempis contains no more ardent recognitions of Christ than the writings of this murdered thinker, and they are uniform in his books from the first to the last. "Christ," he says in the one which was burnt with him, "is the soul of the world—yea, more than the soul, it is by him that we live, not only in the present life, but also in the life eternal."

Servetus was condemned on the 26th of October, 1553, and the very next day was murdered at the stake here, on the Plateau of Champel, where we stand to-day in the serene moonlight amid tranquil and beautiful scenes which befittingly symbolize our better age. He could have been saved by retracting, but, whatever were his errors, he could not conscientiously do so. Instead of respecting this infidelity to conscience, his enemies only resented it.

He was resolute, but tender and even pathetic in this dreadful extremity. He assured Calvin that he pardoned him, and even asked the reformer's pardon for any violence in his own speech. Farel accompanied him to the stake, and demanded there a retraction of his sinful teachings and lies. "I may be deceived," replied Servetus, "but I have not lied, nor sinned." Farel demanded that he ask the prayers of the crowd around him; "he consented with a humble and true piety." Farel again demanded a recantation; Servetus remained silent. Heretic though he was, he was certainly a hero. They bound him to the stake, attached to his side his last book, circled his head with a crown of thatch imbued with brimstone, and burnt him to ashes—at first with a slow fire of green wood, but the compassionate people heaped dry materials upon it to shorten his sufferings. His last prayer, after

burning half an hour, was, "O Jesus, son of the eternal God, have pity on me." Need I add a word more? Will not your own silent reflections suffice?

And yet there is something more to be said for Calvin, and in a letter on his character and work I shall say it.

ROB ROY.

They named him Robert—the baby boy—
And thought, perchance, of the great Rob Roy,
Or of Robert Bruce, the warrior bold—
The Scottish chief,
Who brought relief
To his native land in the days of old—
And imagined that he
Would as loyal be,
And as proud of his Scottish ancestry.

They named him Robert; but soon 'twas Rob,
Robby, Bobby, and even Bob—
Though never such liberties would they take
With the ancient king,
Or the changes ring
On the stately name of his proud namesake.
Rob came most pat,
Either sharp or flat;
But Robert! Why nobody called him that.

I own 'tis rather a risky thing
To name a baby after a king,
Or any one else who has handed down
Honors and fame
And a shining name
And all that goes with a jeweled crown;
For it oft doesn't fit
The boy a bit,
And in every way he dishonors it.

But rightly named is the little lad
Who makes the hearts of his parents glad,
And every day, at study or play,
In-doors or out,
Whate'er he's about,
Performs his part in a noble way,
And wears on his face
A look of grace,
The sign that he comes of a royal race.

His playmates hail him Bobby, or Bob;
At home it's always Robby, or Rob;
And it seems to me—O! it seems to me—
That no child I know,
Either high or low,
Is better equipped with names than he—
The household joy,
The manly boy,
The clever and masterful rogue, Rob Roy.

—*Josephine Pollard in The Independent.*

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE EAST.

BEING on the "special liberty" list, Rex and Reddy managed to get ashore for an afternoon the day after the *Scranton* came to anchor. They left the ship in a sampan, and in so doing were introduced at once to one of the most striking peculiarities of life in the East—boat life. Nearly thirty thousand Chinese live in boats within the precinct of Hong-Kong alone. The sampan which they took was not much larger than a ship's cutter, and yet a family of eight persons knew no other home. They cooked in it, ate in it, slept in it, lived in it—quite likely were born and died in it. It had a seat, just abaft midships, for passengers, and over this was thrown an arch-shaped bamboo cover for protection from sun and rain. The father of the family pulled the port oar; the mother, with a baby strapped to her back, pulled the starboard oar, the baby's head jerking backward and forward at every stroke, in an exciting and ludicrous fashion. A daughter managed the steering oar. The rest of the children were distributed about the boat, one little youngster of about five years going through the form of double-banking the oar with his mother.

Reddy tried to talk with the man, who knew but little English, but who told him he belonged to "Canton side," and had "six piecee"—meaning children.

"I wonder where they cook?" Rex said.

"Right under where the man is sitting," Reddy replied. "If that board should give way, he'd land in the kitchen, or in his rice-pot, which is the same thing. I watched 'em getting breakfast this morning."

"They sleep anywhere, I suppose?"

"There's another hatchway under the ole woman. I guess they stow a part of the family there."

"You wouldn't care to enlist for life on board such a craft as this?"

"Not if I knew myself," Reddy replied, trying to coax one of the "little shavers," as he called the children, by the offer of a penny.

They landed at Pedder's Wharf. A tall, swarthy policeman, in a neat blue uniform and scarlet turban, was walking up and down the pier, and scowled at them as they passed. They learned afterward that he belonged to the fierce tribe of the Sikhs, and that the colony was policed by a detachment of this warlike race, brought from India for the purpose.

On leaving the wharf they found a broad bund stretching along the entire water front, called the Praya. It was densely packed with Chinese coolies, carrying all sorts of burdens suspended from bamboos on their shoulders. Not a horse was to be seen anywhere; not a dray or cart. The beasts of burden were all human. The Praya was lined with tall, substantial hongs and godowns (business and ware houses).

They had no time to utter their feelings of surprise and wonder, when they were surrounded by jinrikisha and chair coolies, clamorous for a job. Reddy stepped into a ricksha, and Rex followed suit. He had found out where to go before leaving the ship; so he simply said to the coolie, "Happy Valley," and away he went at a rapid rate. Straight up from the wharf to the high clock-tower, then to the left along the beautiful Queen's Road with its stately stores; past the City Hall and Fountain; past the Recreation Ground, where several lawn-tennis games were in progress, and the Parade Ground opposite where half a regiment of red-coated British soldiers were going through their drill; past extensive barracks with sentries pacing up and down; past hospitals; past streets of tenement houses in which Chinese were packed "closer than sardines," until turning to the right and skirting a hill, and then turning to the left, they entered a valley, with a series of burial-grounds walled in on one side, and a race-course, fringed with a thick growth of bamboo, on the other. The first burial spot was Mohammedan, and the coolies did not pause at that gate. The second bore above it the inscription: "*Hodie mihi cras tibi*," and they hesitated when they got here, and finally stopped.

"What place is this?" Reddy asked.

"It's a cemetery."

"What outlandish printin' is that?" he inquired, pointing to the inscription.

"That's Latin," said Rex, "and means, 'I to-day, you to-morrow.'"

"Why didn't they draw a skull an' cross-bones, and be done with it?" he grumbled.

Rex went into the gate, but soon came out.

"This is the French Catholic cemetery," he said; "ours is farther on."

"But what's the use of comin' ashore and huntin' up graveyards?" Reddy asked. "I aint got no dead folks a-lying here that I know of, and I don't believe you have."

Rex explained that he came because he had been told it was a beautiful place, and that every body came here. Still, if Reddy didn't care to go he would give it up, and take the next thing on the plan.

Thus appealed to, Reddy yielded; and they further agreed to dismiss their rikshas, and do the rest of the way on foot, just for the pleasure of treading the soil; and "I'll bet I can beat you," said Rex, preparing to run.

"Let's try it leap-frog," said Reddy, and he ran forward and bent over.

Rex quickly cleared him with a flying jump, and took his position for Reddy, who scarcely touched his friend as he went over; and in this hilarious fashion they reached the gate.

No one who has visited the Protestant cemetery at Hong-Kong will soon forget what an exquisite place it is, with its well-kept paths, its pretty pond, its cool, abundant shade, and profusion of fragrant flowers. The monumental stones are thickly scattered over it; and the inscriptions on some of these were so interesting, to Reddy especially, who rarely went to such places, that Rex had to take him by the arm and draw him away.

"Just one more," he said, as he turned to look at one of the older stones.

"But we can't get up to the Peak, if we stay here any longer," Rex pleaded.

It proved harder, in fact, to get Reddy out than it did to get him in; and he declared, as they left the gate, that he would start for Happy Valley the next time he came ashore.

Their riksha men were hanging around waiting for another job; and, to save time, they got in and rode back as far as the beginning of Kennedy Road. This is a road cut in the side of the mountain range, about one hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and, of course, winding in and out of the gorges, giving delightful views at every point. It overlooks the eastern part of Victoria, as the town of Hong-Kong is called, and is furnished with seats at convenient points. Toward the close of the afternoon it is generally thronged with the people of the colony, walking, or riding in chairs. When Rex and Reddy passed over it, only a soldier or two, or a French priest, was visible.

"This beats the elevated road all hollow!" Reddy exclaimed.

They had a merry time of it all to themselves—laughing, singing, telling stories, running races, etc. Above them, and considerably higher up, a parallel road was being cut, called the Bowen Road, after the name of the present governor of the colony. In order to pass around certain precipitous ledges, which had not yet been blasted, a frail, temporary, bridge-like structure of bamboo had been erected, which looked as though it could sustain no human weight; and yet, as they looked up, there was a soldier picking his way along it. A boyish challenge passed between Rex and Reddy.

"I bet ye a eleven dollar bill I'll be up there first!" shouted Reddy, as he started to scramble up through the bushes.

Reddy was quicker and lighter than Rex, but the latter was more familiar with this sort of tramping and climbing than his friend. It was Rex, therefore, who got first to one of the supports of the bridge and began to shin up. Reddy was not far behind, however, and they both breathed hard as they climbed over the rail and came together.

"I'll take that eleven dollar bill, if you please," said Rex.

"I guess you'll have to wait till I call at the bank and draw it," said Reddy. "I don't believe I've got a bill of that particular size in my wallet. But aint this jolly?" he added. "It's like bein' on a royal yard. It must be one hundred and fifty feet to the foot of this ledge."

"Fully that, I think," said Rex; "and I don't see what holds the thing up. Just feel how it shakes!"

"Well, now we are here, what shall we do—go on or go back?" Reddy asked.

"I would like to keep on," said Rex, "but this road is so much farther up the mountain that, of course, it runs deeper into the gorges, and must be twice as long as the road we have left. We can't get around it in time. So we must do as the mouse did."

"And what did the mouse do?"

"Why, where's your Mother Goose? Don't you remember,

> "'The mouse ran up the clock;
> The clock struck one and down he run,
> Hickery, dickery, dock.'"

As Rex was repeating this rhyme he was climbing over the rail and letting himself down. In a few minutes both were back on the Kennedy Road again. They passed a magazine, carefully guarded by sentries, crossed several bridges, and came out finally into a broad, well-shaded road, which led directly up the mountain to Victoria Gap. Rex looked around him for a moment.

"O, that's what I want to find," he said, leading the way to a flight of stone steps across the street. "We'll take a little rest up here."

On reaching the top of the steps they found themselves in a public garden filled with rare and curious trees and shrubs. The botanical name was, in most cases, printed on a board at the bottom of each. They passed on toward the center, where they found a pond and fountain, with parterres of flowers. There were a good many healthy-cheeked English children in charge of their Chinese amahs, or nurses, playing about the walks.

They selected a seat on one of the higher terraces, beneath a banian tree, and sat down. Here, after some idle talk, Rex told his friend all he had been able to learn about Hong-Kong—that it was an island, about eleven miles long and from two to five broad; that it was ceded to Great Britain in 1842; that it is the head-quarters of a powerful naval and military establishment, and the emporium of trade for southern China—tea, silk, opium, sugar, flour, oil, rice, amber, ivory, sandal-wood, etc.; that all the great steamer lines and thousands of native and foreign merchant vessels came here, as to a commercial center; that the harbor was one of the finest in the world, etc.

"But what's that land across there?" Reddy asked, pointing to some arid hills across the harbor.

"That's China," Rex replied. "You see, this town is on the north of the island, and the harbor is simply the strait, narrowed at each end, between the island and the main-land yonder. That little peninsula over there, with the houses on it, is called Kowloon, and was also ceded to Great Britain about twenty-five years ago."

"And have all these houses and all these roads been built since 1842?" Reddy asked. "Why some we passed down there looked as though they had been built over a hundred years."

"That's because of the moisture of the climate, I guess," Rex said. "The climate all along here is very damp during the south-west monsoon. In nearly all the bungalows they keep a fire going in one of the rooms to dry things. They have to dry the sheets you sleep in at night. Books and shoes and clothes gather on them a thick mold."

"I suppose it's unhealthy here in the summer," Reddy suggested.

"Yes, there is a great deal of cholera, I am told."

Reddy was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"But I thought this was a sort of Gibraltar, with lots of big guns and fortifications. I don't see any."

"That's so," said Rex, "but I heard some of the officers say they depended on those little iron-clads that lie close in

shore for defense, and also on the fleet. They have two regiments of soldiers here, one of them artillery. I suppose the island is too big to fortify properly."

"There are plenty of Chinese here, I see."

"I believe there are 150,000 in the colony," Rex answered, "and I don't think there are more than 6,000 foreigners, even including the soldiers and sailors. But the mist begins to roll in from the sea," he said, jumping up. "Do you see that flag-staff way up there, Reddy? That's where we've got to go, and the sooner we start the better."

They went back to the road and commenced the ascent. It grew steep after a while, but they were young and strong and kept steadily on. They soon got beyond the highest houses of the town. Following on behind them they could see several open sedan chairs in which persons, more indolent or more infirm than they, were being conveyed to the summit. Rejoicing in their vigor, the lads cracked jokes at the expense of these, and frequently took advantage of short cuts, steeper than the road, but considerably shortening the distance. At the height of about twelve hundred feet they reached the Gap, the point at which the road descended on the other side. Scattered around on the tops of the hills were summer bungalows, and down the valley to the south, not far from the shore, a series of reservoirs showed them Pokfalum, the district whence came the water supply for the town they had left behind.

Their road now bore to the right and made many turns and windings, all the time ascending till they came to the top of Victoria Peak. Here they found a stone house for the keeper of the signal station, where refreshments were procurable. They indulged in some bottled ginger beer and crackers, wrote their names in the visitors' book, and went out to look about them and get the view.

The view more than paid them for the trouble. Half-way to Canton on the west, nearly to Macao on the south, to a remote mountain range on the north, their horizon extended; while within it were the broad expanse of the sea, dotted over with hundreds of islands of various sizes and conformations, the wonderful harbor, the innumerable steamers, and sailing vessels, and junks, and lighters, the white, ghostly hulls of the British fleet, and the graceful outlines of the *Scranton*, with her towering masts; and then the town, stretching for miles along the water-front, and creeping up the mountain-side, the hum of its busy throng rising faintly to their ears.

Rex had climbed many a peak in his New Hampshire home, and was familiar with this kind of scenery. Reddy had scarcely ever climbed a mountain, and an outlook like this was a revelation such as he had never dreamed of.

The signal man came out to where they were standing. He was a good-natured fellow and disposed to talk. He questioned the lads about the *Scranton*, told them he had seen her over thirty miles away, and inquired into the cause of their stopping. Rex told him about losing overboard their shipmate. Reddy asked how high Victoria Peak was, and learned that he was 1,823 feet above sea level. The signal man pointed out in the town below the Government House, where the governor, Sir George F. Bowen, lived; the Head-quarter House, occupied by Lieut.-General Sargent, commander-in-chief of her majesty's forces in China and the Straits Settlements; St. John's Church, St. Paul's College, the residence of Bishop Burdon, the navy yard, the docks, and many other places of interest. He also explained to the lads his method of signaling, both by day and night. It seemed somewhat complicated, as it included, besides the usual signals, the "compass bearings" and "distance off" of approaching ships.

The mists were gathering thick about them as they descended the mountain. Strange to say, they found it harder going down than it had been going up, but they didn't mind it. They sat down on one of the seats part way down, not so much to rest as to get a final view. Reddy counted the vessels in sight in the harbor and found there were more than a hundred.

"It's so hard to realize that we are in Hong-Kong," Rex remarked.

"That's so," said Reddy; "but what seems tough to me is that they are getting up at home just as we are going to hammocks."

They resumed their walk.

"One of the strangest things about Hong-Kong to me," said Rex, "is the untropical look of the island. Leaving out the garden where we stopped coming up, and where every thing is exotic, the place is almost treeless."

"I didn't see a single tree on the back of the mountain," Reddy declared.

"If I were to be dropped down there suddenly," said Rex, stopping for a moment and speaking earnestly, "without knowing where I was, I should guess that I was in some desolate part of New England—way down in Maine perhaps. There's the same granite, and the same ferns, and the same thin soil. And yet we are within the tropics, in the same latitude as—say, Havana."

"That *is* queer," said Reddy, starting on, "but I reckon we'd better drop down into the town and get something to eat. *I'm* as hungry as a shark."

They could find no restaurant which was not a groggery; so they went to the Victoria Hotel, where Rex's manner of address, despite the uniform which too often, alas, closes all respectable doors to sailors in foreign as well as home ports, secured for him and Reddy just what they wanted—a retired room and a substantial meal.

Then they went out among the Chinese shops, and were amazed and delighted at what they saw. At Sun Shing's, Rex bought an embroidered *crepe* necktie, and could not help a slight blush as he paid for it and put it in his pocket. And at Chong Woo's, Reddy bargained for a tiny boatswain's whistle made of gold, and fitted to hang from a watch-chain, which he handed to Rex, with the request that he would send it with the necktie.

Rex reddened, and gave him an impulsive hug. They took a sampan and returned to the ship where, to Rex's great delight, he learned that the first mail by way of San Francisco had come on board in the afternoon, and among the letters addressed to him were two from "the dearest girl in all the world."

[*To be continued.*]

HOW TO EARN MONEY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

A Harvest in Spring.

Every boy living in the country, who keeps his eyes open, must have observed that certain crops in the fields have to be treated in a very curious fashion. He sees the farmer plant corn, or peas, or beans by putting the seed in the ground just where the plants are to grow. In fact, it is easy to tell just how the field will look by watching the way the seeds are put in. Other crops are treated in quite another way. The ground is plowed and made all ready, and then, on some cloudy or rainy day, certain boxes and baskets arrive, and, on opening them, hundreds of small green plants appear, and these are quickly set out in the damp ground. They soon take root and begin to grow, and every boy knows it is to be a field of cabbages.

Nothing wonderful about that. Indeed! You wouldn't say that if you thought about it. Our planet has its motions, and these make our seasons, our summer and winter. This common plant, the cabbage, is one of the great staple foods used in every civilized country.

Did it never occur to you that the entire crop in the world is eaten up every year? This is the fact, and so close does the demand for this particular food come to the supply that every effort must be made to get the crop ready to eat as early in the summer as possible. Observe, now, a most curi-

ous thing. Not only must it be ready as quickly as possible, but there is another reason for haste. If, on the day the farmer sets out his cabbage plants, he put seed in the ground he might find the frost destroying the crops in October before the cabbages were ripe. The farmer, therefore, to gain time, buys plants already six weeks old, and thus gains six weeks in his crop and his harvest.

Take the common tomato. Here is a plant from a warm climate. In its native country it has a long summer, in which it springs up from seed, grows, blooms, and bears fruit. In Canada and the Northern States the summer is short. The cold weather lingers later in spring and returns earlier in the fall, and there is not time for the tomato to grow and produce a crop before it is killed by the early frosts. So it happens this plant must either spend a part of its life, say in Alabama or Georgia, and then be transplanted to Maine or Ontario, or it must spend the first six weeks of its life in the house. This is precisely what happens. The young tomato and cabbage plants spend the early part of their lives in a house of some kind, or, as it is called, "under glass."

Your home is in the country, or near a small town or village. About you are farms and gardens where tomato and cabbage plants are cultivated for home use or for sale. Did it never occur to you that these people send out of the village every year to buy plants? The plants arrive from somewhere and are certainly paid for in good money. Do you not see a chance there? Why do you not try for that money yourself? Here is business for any boy who means business.

What shall be done first? It is still cold weather, and the first step is to canvass the market. You have a warm, sheltered place on the south side of a tight board fence, or a building, and a garden where there is good soil. You have the use of a little capital, say not over five dollars, and you are willing to learn and not afraid to work. So far you are ready for business. Your plan is to raise and sell in May small cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, egg, and tomato plants. You feel sure you can do it. Go to the country store and offer to supply the plants at a little less than the regular market rates. If you can get an order from the store for all you can raise you are all right. If not, you must set out and go from farm to farm for two or three miles about your home and solicit orders. Don't beg. Don't plead poverty. Talk business. Say what you propose to do, and see what kinds are wanted, and how many. Some people will gladly give orders, others will say they may buy when the time comes. They would prefer to wait and see if your plants are as good as those they can buy in the cities. Have one price, wholesale or retail, and stick to it. Don't sell cheap to your friends, but say you will deliver the plants free. This will save the express charges and induce people to give you orders. A week's active work in this way will show you just what you can do, whether it will pay to raise a hundred plants or several thousand.

The first question your buyers will ask will be the kinds you propose to sell. This should be your list: Early Jersey Wakefield Cabbage; Early Winningstadt Cabbage; Henderson's Early Summer Cabbage; Early Dwarf Erfurt Cauliflower; Boston Market or Early Curled Simpson Lettuce; New York Improved Egg-plants; Trophy or New York Market Tomato plants. If any one wants other varieties, plant the kinds they want if they will give an order for that kind; but do not plant them except to order.

In the Northern States the real work begins early in March. If you can procure fresh manure from a stable, it is safe to prepare by the first week in the month. If this cannot be obtained, the work must begin in the house about the twentieth of the month. You see what we are aiming at. It is the use of a hot-bed or a cold-frame. We will suppose you have no manure. Nail together a few wooden boxes, say six inches deep, and of any convenient size. From the garden dig up a quantity of good soil. If frozen, let it slowly thaw out and dry in the house. See that it is light, dry, and soft. If, on pressing some of it in the hand, it sticks together add to it about half as much fine sand (not sea sand) and mix well together. Fill the boxes with the dry soil and sow your various seeds in it, and place in a warm, sunny window in the kitchen. Here the plants will spring up and grow for the first two weeks, which will carry them into April.

Next get some two-inch plank and make a box on the ground, six feet long, three feet wide, and eighteen inches deep. Tilt it up so that the back will be about three inches higher than the front. Place it in the full sun and sheltered from the north and west winds. This is to be your cold-frame, and it must be covered with a glass sash. If you cannot buy a hot-bed sash for the purpose, get any old, second-hand window-sash and make the box to fit it. In the box place fresh, dry, light garden soil, mixed with old manure and a small quantity of sand. To this cold-frame all your plants must be removed, transplanting each one in the soil.

It is plain that this work implies skill, knowledge, and patience. When started, the frame requires regular daily attention, and often attention twice or three times a day. You do not know how to do this? Well, you can read, and it is all plainly written in books. Read and teach yourself. Observe and study and use your common sense. There is nothing about the work a boy cannot do, nothing he cannot learn in one season of reading and practice. The hot-bed will be a little more difficult, but, on the other hand, it will be more profitable. If you think you can do it, by all means go ahead. If you fail completely, you will be paying for an education, and next time you will succeed. If you fear you cannot do it, go right ahead just the same, only omit the canvassing for orders. Try one small frame, and plant only a few seeds. Do it for practice and to learn the business. If you succeed and have a few plants to sell, there will be very little trouble in selling them, for such plants are always in demand in May. In this way you can, in six or eight weeks, learn the business, by failure perhaps, and another year you can try again and make money. It seems a long time to spend a whole year just to learn how to make fifty or a hundred dollars. It is true, but it is a trade. It is something, and you may do it for a dozen years to come, and perhaps build it up to a large and profitable business. One thing leads to another. Make facilities for business and business comes. Learn to work and work will come.

To sit down, to do nothing, to say, "O, it is hard, and it soils the hands!" is to make a failure of your life. If this is the way you look at work it is quite useless for you to do any thing. You will probably sink to a mere plodding bookkeeper, and never see even the beginning of a fortune.

The prices usually paid for these plants are somewhat as follows: Cabbage plants, per one hundred, $1 25; per thousand, $10. Cauliflower plants are more troublesome to raise, and command, per one hundred, $3; per thousand, $20. Lettuce plants sell at 15 cents per dozen, or $1 a hundred. Egg-plants bring 10 cents each, $1 per dozen, and $6 per hundred. Tomato plants bring about 40 cents a dozen, or perhaps a little less, and $3 per hundred. At these prices, or even ten per cent. less than this, they can be raised in small towns and in the country, and delivered free in the neighborhood at a profit, either in hot-beds or cold-frames. Should any boys care to try such a venture as this let them write to the Editor of Our Youth, and, if enough apply, a special description of the actual work will be printed very soon. Whatever you do, remember that this is a business, that a boy can learn it in one year, and can earn money in it every spring as long as he wishes.

I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee:
"All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
Resting in child-like trust upon his will
Who moves to his great ends unthwarted by the ill.

From "Trust," by J. G. Whittier.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

ENTRAPPED.

THE following incident related in the New York "Star" recalls the picture of the mouse which in its efforts to escape a cat plunges into a tin funnel, coming out at the small end in safety, while the head of the cat is caught and held in the narrowing throat of the funnel. The rabbit had evidently seen the picture:

The hound of the sportsman started the cottontail in a piece of short brush on a side hill. The hunter could witness the race at a great distance, and soon saw the rabbit making a circle. As he appeared emerging from the brush he was seen to stop suddenly. On rushed the hound. His gait was so swift that as he sought to catch the cottontail his nose struck the earth and he doubled up into a ball. The rabbit had simply sprung to one side. While the dog was undoing himself out of the snarl the rabbit was making time on the back track. The hound was soon on the scent, however; but the rabbit, with uncommon intelligence, led the dog to where two saplings grew from an old root and had thrown their trunks on an incline to either side, like the letter V. He stopped short suddenly, as before, and waited until the dog was almost upon him, and leaped through the V-shaped opening. The dog took the rise after him. But there was barely space for the cottontail's body, and as the hound rushed on in his headlong pursuit he was caught in the fork and badly injured. The rabbit turned again, looked curiously at his luckless enemy, and was soon lost in the thicket. The dog started immediately for home, and no amount of coaxing could induce him to continue the hunt.

CARTWRIGHT ON UNIVERSALISM.

SENATOR SPOONER of Wisconsin is responsible for the following anecdote of the great Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright. The story is thus reported in the "Chicago Tribune:"

During the senator's last visit here a little group gathered around him, and began telling tales of revival times. "I remember hearing my father tell of hearing Cartwright once," he said. "The services were in the woods, and people came from counties around to see and hear the great exhorter. After the singing, which seemed to shake the very oaks, was over, Cartwright began: 'I hear that there is a new religion started down in Boston, and its believers are called Universalists. They think that every body, good or bad, is going straight to heaven, whatever he may have done on earth. All I'm going to say about them is to tell a story. You have all heard about good old Noah—how the world became so wicked that the Lord had to drown the people. Noah was a good man, and the Lord had him build an ark. All the living things of the earth were placed in that ark, and then Noah and his family got on board as the floods came. For forty days they floated about until the waters subsided, and then they landed on Mount Ararat. Noah was a good man. He lived so many hundred years in trial and trouble. His life was full of afflictions, and when he died he went to heaven. As he stepped inside the pearly gates the fellows who had been drowned many hundred years before because they were so wicked gathered around to look at the old man, who had been passing his life in tribulations, while they were enjoying the bliss of heaven. Finally one who had never liked Noah on earth because he was always preaching goodness said to him: "Well, old man, you've got along at last, have you?"'

"That story was a 'clincher' among the backwoodsmen," the senator concluded. "It was worth more among his hearers than all the arguments the revivalist could have produced."

A BIG FISH STORY.

SHARK-CATCHING differs from other sport from the fact that the catcher is sometimes caught with very disastrous results to himself. A writer in the English "Gentleman's Magazine" describes the manner in which the Arabs capture these monsters:

A hook of soft iron wire is made very sharp and baited with a lump of garbage of some kind, usually a piece of shark too rancid even for a slave, and the line, which is small and very slackly spun, is wound round for some little distance from the hook with thin sheet lead, both to protect it from the teeth of the fish and to act as a sinker, and the other end is made fast to a huge calabash which acts as a float. When a shark takes the bait he tows the calabash about, but cannot sink it for any length of time, and the fishermen set off after him in their canoe, and when they get hold of the line they play their captive until he is actually drowned. The shark that was now on the hook was proving a Tartar, and before the two boats came near the canoe which was playing him was capsized and the half-dozen men who formed her crew thrown into the water. "Give way, my lads!" said the lieutenant, and both boats dashed away, the crews straining every nerve to save the swimmers from their dangerous position, the water literally swarming with sharks, and in a few minutes the men were picked up and their canoe righted. The Englishmen, like all their nation, fond of sport, next went after the float, which could be seen being towed hither and thither as the shark tried to free itself from the incumbrance, but the Arabs, when they saw their intention, shouted and gesticulated to prevent them from doing so, and a second canoe put off from the dhow to assist in playing the shark. With some little trouble the line was again secured, and after about two hours' hard work, during which Johnny Shark several times nearly mastered his captors, he was at length killed and dragged upon the rocks, where the English, as he was such a huge monster, had the curiosity to measure him, when he proved to be the enormous length of thirty-three feet ten inches. This was the largest shark they had ever seen, though both boats had had oars dashed at by the ravenous brutes, and on one occasion the same whaler, when boarding a dhow at night from the ship, had her rudder carried away by one.

A PRINCE'S PLAN.

PARENTS who find difficulty in making their children submit to the morning face-washing may be comforted by reading this paragraph, although they cannot adopt the plan of the crown-prince of Prussia:

The crown-prince of Prussia was always a very sensible man in the management of his household, and he is ably seconded by his wife. On one occasion the governor of his children came to him and said:

"Your highness, I must complain of the little prince; he refuses to have his face washed in the morning."

"Does he?" answered the crown-prince. "We'll remedy that. After this let him go unwashed."

"It shall be done," said the governor.

Now the sentries have to salute every member of the royal family—children and all—whenever they pass. The day after, the little four-year-old prince went out for a walk with his governor. As they passed a sentry-box where a grim soldier stood, the man stood rigid without presenting arms. The little prince—accustomed to universal deference—looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently another sentry was passed. Neither did this one give a sign of recognition. The little prince angrily spoke of it to his old governor, and they passed on. And when the walk was finished, and they had met many soldiers, who none of them saluted the prince, the little fellow dashed in to his father, exclaiming:

"Papa—papa—you must whip every man in your guards! They refuse to salute when I pass."

"Ah! my son," said the crown-prince, "they do rightly; for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that the boy took a shower bath every morning.

A CELESTIAL MEAL.

IT is a current delusion that the Chinese idea of a banquet would begin with rat-tail soup and end with rice-fritters. The New York "Sun" describes a feast at which there was not even a mouse, though some of the dishes must have tasted better than their names promise, or the dinner was not a complete success:

Wong Ta Yin, the new Chinese consul, gave an official dinner last evening at 16 Mott street. Covers were set for forty, and the dinner lasted from 4 P.M. until 8 P.M. The guests included the consular officials and the leading Oriental merchants of New York. The bill of fare was as follows:

I. Dragon Fish—Boiled celery.
II. Shark's Fins Stewed—Birds'-nest soup.
III. Sea Worm—Ginger and ground nuts.
IV. Fruits—Eggs and preserves.
V. Devil Fish—Roast chicken and duck.
VI. Sucking pig, bamboo shoots, and rice.
VII. Perfumed pork, mushrooms, and sea beans.
VIII. Spiced sausage, stuffed eggs, and millet.
IX. Tenderloins with raisins and chestnuts.
X. Moon cakes and confectionery.

The drinks were tea, almond tea, arrack, and Chinese liquors. The almond tea was a novelty, and consisted apparently of a sweet decoction of almonds re-enforced with alcohol and rock candy.

Speeches were delivered by the new consul, Deputy Sheriff Tom Lee, Yuet Sing, importer, Counselor Wong Chin Foo, Quong Hung Long, tea merchant, and Wo-Kee, grocer and wholesale druggist. All the leading firms in Chinatown were represented excepting Mi Li Wa, who was lately boycotted by his countrymen. The dinner passed off pleasantly, barring the occasional performances of the Chinese Orchestral Union.

BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANT.

THE London "Truth" relates with a pardonable degree of national pride the manner in which a French traveler was discomfited by an Englishman in a feat of Alpine climbing:

An anecdote, in which an Englishman figures, comes from Bâle. The town was visited last year by an adventurous Frenchman, whose ruling passion is the ascent of mountains shunned by most other tourists who value at least their soundness of limb. He endeavored strenuously to scale the Gopaltenhorn, for the sake of carving his name upon the peak, but all his efforts were vain. This year he returned to the attack, and eventually, by the aid of numerous precautions, arrived at the summit. On his next appearance at the *table d'hôte* he recounted his exploit to the company, and informed them that he had planted on the spot a blue silk flag, containing his name embroidered in large characters. An Englishman, who had listened silently, rose from the table and marched out of the hotel. Two days afterward a parcel was delivered to the adventurous Gaul. He opened it and found inside his blue silk flag, which his English neighbor at the *table d'hôte* had considerately sent him back.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

HUMAN care and wisdom may be put into a plant. To what extent, one may see by watching a shrub, vegetable, or tree left to itself, and one of the same character at the beginning upon which the thought, wisdom, and labor of its owner are expended. He selects the best place and the most favorable conditions. He enriches the soil, digs about and waters the plant, watches its peculiarities, clips and trims, shields it from horses and cattle, protects it from parasites, and in every way that science and experience suggest works into the natural forces and conditions which promote its growth the added elements of human wisdom and labor. There is a difference in the outcome between the plant neglected and the plant protected and educated. This human help may turn unpalatable and unwholesome fruit into fruit marketable and valuable. Thus man helps nature by educating it.

THE same power of education is illustrated in the animal kingdom. Wild animals are subdued and taught by man. The breed is improved. Habits are formed by utilizing the power of instinct. The results in this line are remarkable. Every girl who has petted a kitten, every boy who owns a dog, will readily appreciate this susceptibility to education in the domestic animals. We have seen trained horses whose performances seemed like the work of the higher intelligence. We have seen dogs whose movements were so wise and skillful as to elicit roars of laughter and rounds of applause. We have watched the "learned pig" pick out letters, spell names, select figures, and combine them in arithmetical results. We have put on our spectacles to follow the operations of "educated fleas," who seemed to understand and deliberately to obey the commands of their trainer. They pulled threads which ran over pulleys, took their places as horses in front of a lilliputian chariot, marched in procession, carried burdens, and seemed to imitate human actions as though they were impelled by an interior purpose.

THE students of zoology find many insoluble problems when they inquire into these phenomena. The degree of intelligence in the brute creation, the presence of volition and of moral quality, are open questions. The limits of instinct are not comprehended. It is, however, certain that much of the action of so-called "educated" animals is the intelligence not of the animals but of those who control them, and that certain movements which seem to be the result of thought and intention are wholly unintelligible to the brute himself. Given motions of a stick in the keeper's hand cause the pig on exhibition to pick up certain letters and figures. We wonder at the intelligence he displays. But the intelligence is wholly that of the exhibitor. The whole thing is a pleasant trick, and the education involved is not so very remarkable. There is, however, an education of animals by which they are rendered more useful to man, and therefore more valuable in the market.

THE directing power in vegetable and animal education comes from without. Rose-bushes and peach-trees become finer in quality of flower and fruit by a force of will in their cultivators, but not in themselves. The dog learns his tricks, not from a will-power of his own, but from that of his trainer. He seems to be responsible for failure, and we strike him. He does well, and we pet and praise him. We know, however, that he is not really blameworthy nor praiseworthy. If we do smite it is to associate pain with certain action that he may be kept from repeating that action. We give him pleasure when his movement is according to our intention or desire. But the source and center of the whole movement is in man the rational, and not in Fido the animal, being.

THE education of a boy is a different process. He has, to be sure, a physical and an animal nature, and there are conditions of soil, surroundings, instinct, and habit which are to be studied very much as we consult these things in training plants and animals. But if we train a boy only as we train a dog or an elephant, we shall not have an educated boy. The noblest part of him, which is his power of self-direction, will have been neglected. The tree is at its best what we make it. The horse is what we make it. But the boy at his best is what he makes himself. The flower cannot decide what form, color, and odor it will have. The boy is to decide for himself what aims, spirit, and habits are to control his life.

TRUE education is the education of the will. It strengthens a weak will; makes stable a fickle will; provides knowledge that one may have wisdom in the use of his will; and gives practice in self-direction and control that one may have a ready, steady, strong, and unflinching will. Too much of our boasted education is that of the vegetable and the animal. We must educate rational beings to think, choose, and act in a rational way. You, young reader, must educate yourself to be a center of power and to be comparatively independent of circumstance and of companions and of popular customs—conforming or dissenting like a man who dares to think and act for himself.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for March 7, 1886. READING THE LAW.—Neh. 8. 1–12.
GOLDEN TEXT.—Neh. 8. 8.

LET us go to Bible class. Why not? Men study the Constitution of the United States in college and court. Let us study the constitution of the kingdom of God among men. Men meet in conference and circle to study Shakespeare. Let us study the grandest drama in the history of the universe—from the creation to the first coronation of man. Men meet to study the wonders of the physical world in stones and soils and stars, in plants and animals. Let us study the mysteries of providence and grace as set forth in Scripture, more wonderful and more elevating than all the teachings of physical science put together. It is a rational thing to go to Bible class. It is a helpful thing to go. One gets ideas there. One sees what human nature is, and what God who made it wants to do with the sin that marred it; that human nature may be touched and renewed and sanctified by the divine nature, and that Sin may be subdued and Love be put in possession of the souls of men.

Bible study is quickening to the conscience, stimulating to the will, and expanding to the intellect. A young fellow who talks lightly of it, or who refuses to engage in it, only gives proof of his own folly. Prof.

Huxley, sometimes spoken of as an infidel, is wise enough and honest enough to concede the value of Bible study. He asks:

"By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between the two eternities; and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work."

That is a very frank statement for a "skeptic," and it may be well for some young men in our times to get as much good sense as Prof. Huxley.

The lesson for March 7 has a wonderful story in it about the grandest Bible class of the ancient times. It was a protracted Bible class—a sort of Chautauqua Normal Assembly. Every body was there. It was a sight to see. Read it over and imagine the scene—the priest, the Levites, the people, the pulpit, the book of the law, the standing up of the crowd when the book was opened, the amens and the lifting up of hands and the bowing of the heads and the falling of the worshipers to the ground.

There never was written a better account of ideal teaching than you find in verse 9. Read it over and over again. If you are a teacher try the plan.

When the Bible lesson was over the people were deeply impressed. They were filled with both grief and gladness. The old history was precious to them. The old piety had been too much neglected by them. They felt condemned. God through his priests and Levites comforted them, and bade them rejoice because of the law to which they had listened with understanding. And their joy was great. In the recorded word and in the living teachers they had both "law and gospel" that day. And the people made great mirth. The occasion was like a great religious picnic, or like the old-fashioned Methodist "quarterly meetings" of which the "fathers" sometimes tell, when preachers and people came together from a wide extent of country and spent three or four days in religious service, in hearing the word, in great love-feasts, in pure and delightful religious conversation, and in seasons of earnest prayer. It is wonderful to recall those days of power. They brought new revelations of God's love and grace and power. And those early Methodists believed that "the joy of the Lord" was their "strength."

Go to Bible class. Go to love-feast. Go to preaching. Go to prayer-meeting. Go to homes where God is honored and where his people meet. Such services and fellowships are exalting to every body.

A PARABLE OF DUTY.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

A POOR, plain man once came to a teacher who was instructed in the kingdom of heaven, and said unto him, "O wise man, I am perplexed; for, behold, one tells me this and another tells me that. Now do thou tell me, I pray thee, what is my duty." And the wise man went to his writing table and wrote this one word, LOVE, and said unto the man, "Put this paper in thy bosom; but do not read what is written thereon till thou shalt reach thy home." Then did this plain man as he was bidden; and when he had read the word he cried out with joy, "Now know I my duty, and it doth delight me to do it."

Now it came to pass that he said unto his wife one day, "I perceive how thou art weary, and thine arm doth ache carrying our sick babe; lie down and rest, and I will carry the child myself." And after that he saw her starting to the well for water, and he arose and said, "If thou wilt stay thy foot I will bring thee water from the well." And the woman did smile, for her heart was glad and warm with his love. And again it came to pass that this man had a neighbor who was sick nigh unto death, and hearing thereof he came unto the door and knocked, saying, "I love my neighbor, and I want to do something for him. Will ye let me watch by him all night? For I declare unto you that I will keep faithful watch by his bed, neither will I once close my eyes until the morning." And they gladly granted his request.

Moreover, it came to the ears of the man that there was an institution called "The Christian Church," in which people might learn to love God, and help one another, and do good to the world; and he said, "I will even join myself unto this people." Nor was he like a lump of lead, or a log of wood, in the Church; but he was like unto a spoke in the wheel of a chariot, both swift and strong.

Now it was so that when this man went up to the gates of paradise the angels met him and brought him to their Lord, and said, "Dear Master, here is one whom thou lovest." And the Master said unto him, "Thou shalt be with me forever." And, lo! the heavens did ring with the praises of celestial *love*.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That Chinese immigration should be restricted.

Arguments for the Negative.

No. 1.—The Chinamen are the best friends that a man who needs hired help can have, for these few reasons:

First. They are just the people who work in the California gold mines and tea fields.

Second. They are very cheap workers, and thus the cost of goods is reduced.

They are so very cheap in their living, and their food is mostly rice and tea which they raise themselves. It is owing to this fact that they are enabled to labor at such a cheap rate.

These statements ought to direct the mind of the reader toward the encouragement and not restriction of Chinese immigration. For further reasons the empire of China is crowded and too densely populated, and they emigrate to become free from the wicked laws of heathenism.

Why should any one speak for the restriction of Chinese immigration? "Truth is mighty and will prevail." C.

Springtown, Pa.

No. 2.—The Chinese are industrious, and industrious inhabitants are more useful to our country than bags of *silver dollars*.

As it now stands we are not able to compete with England, France, or Germany for the Chinese trade—a trade which promises to be large and profitable since railways and other modern improvements are about to open up more thoroughly this part of Asia. Thus the millions flowing into our coffers through trade would more than balance the paltry sums exported by the Chinese.

Those who patronize laundries know that the Chinaman charges twice as much as the American. Does this lower wages?

They did not establish the opium traffic. White foreigners in China originated that sin.

Their chief opponents are socialistic, rioting *foreigners* who think license is liberty.

Shall *patriots* thus violate the foundation principle of our government, or *Christians* (?) thus hinder the great missionary movement?

E. G. C. B.

No. 3.—The Chinese should be as free to go where they please as any other people, for the Chinese ought to be as civilized as any nation on earth.

We are all equal in the sight of our Creator, and one nation is not preferred before another. Besides, this is a free country. Just as long as John Chinaman wants to come to America and behave himself, let him stay unmolested. We as a Christian nation should uphold the downtrodden and try to elevate them to a high standard of Christian civilization. The Chinese, as a rule, are quiet and inoffensive. Then if by having them here we can do them any good whatever, by all means should they remain. NELLIE SCOTT.

Payson, Ill.

No. 4.—The Chinese, like all others, have many faults and a two-sided nature. Glancing at the character of all other nationalities, especially the Irish, Italian, and the German, I think you will agree with me when I say the Chinese are the most peaceable. This is the "land of the free and the home of the brave." It is not free to a favored few, but for every kind and class. One race ought not be esteemed any less or more than the other, bearing in mind that "God is no respecter of persons." Then the Chinese have as much right here as you and I. Observe the schools in our country devoted to this special race. Every Sunday a scholar is taught, some find themselves Christians, and tell their companions, so it spreads. Should this be restricted? I say, Most decidedly not. A. CHAS. D.

New York.

Notice.

THE closing arguments for the negative will appear in OUR YOUTH for March 6. The editor will then select the best debaters on each side to sum up the argument. These summaries will be published March 13, and will be followed by the editorial decision upon the weight of argument. A new subject for debate will be announced next week.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE TEN POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

THERE is no difficulty about getting tracts for distribution by members of the Oxford League. Our own Church—the Methodist Episcopal—has a Tract Society. All the tracts that are needed are to be found on the catalogue of that society. If they are not there now they will soon be there. We are enlarging the list every month. One half of the amount raised by any church in the annual collection for the Tract Society may be spent by that church in tracts for its own use—these tracts being published by our own Book Concern. Suppose that the annual collection for the Tract Society should amount to $10. One half of that—$5—will procure tracts to the number of from 3,000 to 5,000 pages. If these tracts are judiciously selected, and as judiciously distributed, there will be an immense amount of good done in this service by the Oxford League.

Suppose that at the parsonage, or in one of the church class-rooms, or in the store or shop of some faithful church member a stock of tracts were to be kept, arranged in envelopes, or in pigeon-holes, according to subjects, and that the Quarterly Conference committee were to use members of the Oxford League in the circulation of these tracts—do you not see how easily, systematically, and wisely the work might be done? How many young people exposed to skepticism might be provided from week to week with an antidote to doubt in a strong argument embodied in a short tract! How much good might be wrought by sending the right mission at the right time to people who have lax notions about Sabbath observance, total abstinence, systematic giving, attendance upon church, Sunday-school, prayer-meeting, and class-meeting; about extravagance in speech, and in the use of money; about amusements which do not furnish true recreation; about reading, parlor life, business habits, personal influence, and about a score of things, large and small, which affect character, and which bless or blight a human life. Tracts might be handed to people leaving church after sermon; to people leaving prayer-meeting; to church members the week before the holy sacrament is administered; to Sunday-school scholars of all classes; to girls and boys, men and women employed in factories, and to people in sickness and trouble. The death lists in daily or weekly papers might be consulted and tracts sent by post to the bereaved families. Such ministry should be performed with the utmost wisdom and delicacy, but so performed could not fail to do a good work to people when most in need of sympathy and most susceptible to the influence of truth and of Christian kindness. There is scarcely any end to the advantages which accrue from wise tract distribution. It is a much neglected work, and if the Oxford League should do no more than quicken the zeal of the Church in this one particular, it would be entitled to large praise.

WE summon all Oxford Leaguers to service in this tract line in the interest of a foreign field of untold importance. Read below the stirring letter from Rev. Dr. Thoburn, of India, and resolve to do your share toward a FOREIGN PRESS FUND in the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Let our college students combine. Let our Bible classes help. Let our pulpits echo this fervid appeal from India.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

MY DEAR VINCENT:

I have given much thought at various times to our publishing work in India, and in mission fields generally. The Missionary Society does not directly do much for this department of our work, chiefly, I think, because it is supposed to have a prior claim upon the Tract Society, but the latter society has never been able to help us on a scale at all worthy of such a work as we ought to carry on. If any one thing is clear to me it is that we must use the press a great deal more extensively than ever before. We *must* do it. The people of India are becoming a reading people, and the devil and the world are using the printed page among them with more vigor, and with more skill, than the children of light. At a time when nearly all the great societies in India were giving up their mission presses, we deliberately resolved to extend ours, and make it a leading agency in our work. The Wesleyans gave up their press at Bangalore, the American Board theirs at Bombay, the London Missionary Society the press at Mirzapore, the American Presbyterians theirs at Allahabad, and for a time it seemed as if the day of mission presses was over. A better policy is now in vogue, but still we are alone in our effort to extend our publishing on a large scale. We have a vigorous press at Lucknow, and have just opened a "publishing house" in Calcutta, which will soon be driving three *steam* presses.

Now this work requires *money*. I can hardly hope that the Missionary Society will help us, as the work does not fall in the line of its ordinary operations. The Tract Society covers the field, but thus far its receipts are too small to enable the board of managers to do much for us. We ought to have $5,000 annually for each of our two houses. At Lucknow we print for 100,000,000 people, and at Calcutta for 60,000,000. For such a field $10,000 is a *very small* estimate. It would not be more than the cost of eight or nine missionaries, but it would enable us to do the work of eighty or ninety preachers of the word.

It strikes me that you might give a new impetus to the Tract Society, might indeed popularize it more than ever before, by making it a powerful auxiliary to missionary work. How to do this you can tell better than I, but I will venture to make a single suggestion. We have an Anglican Press in Calcutta devoted to Ritualistic Christianity, called the "Oxford Press." It is supported by Oxford students exclusively, as is the mission to which it belongs. Now if our young men, at all our colleges, could take up this as their specialty under your auspices and leadership, if they were to be organized into an auxiliary society or branch, or something of the kind, they might push this work most successfully, and do so without trenching on any existing rights. Our young ladies are trained to work for the missionary cause, but our young men do nothing, and are asked to do nothing.

I am afraid you will not get my whole meaning, but I hope that this or some other way may suggest itself to you by which this great work can be pushed forward. We *must* do this work. Ingersoll's lectures, Paine's "Age of Reason," and such books are sold all over India. The amount of money expended last year by all the missionaries in the city for Christian books and tracts was less than $1,200. This state of things must stop, and, God helping, it shall stop. You must help us. I am up to the ears in financial obligation for schools, churches, parsonages, and I don't know what all, and can't do much myself, but this is a work which belongs to America. Brother Craven is doing wonders, but he must be supported. What can you do? Yours, as ever,

J. M. THOBURN.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

HYPERBOLE.

HYPERBOLE comes from two Greek words which mean "to throw beyond," and it is therefore nearly equivalent to our expression, "Drawing the long bow." The former term, however, is used in a dignified rhetorical sense, while the latter phrase is only a pleasant way of saying that great havoc is being made with the truth.

The theory of the hyperbole seems to be that emotions or ideas which defy ordinary expression may be hinted at by extravagant and inconceivable statements. Thus, when we speak of waves "running mountain-high," we employ not only the indirect simile, but the hyperbole as well. No one supposes for a moment that waves can reach the altitude of mountains, but the exaggeration gives a graphic idea of the towering masses of water.

While the hyperbole is useful when employed moderately and appropriately, as a habit of speech it is objectionable in the extreme.

There is an anecdote told among the ministers of our denomination which illustrates admirably the danger of becoming an unconscious slave to hyperbole.

A certain young pastor, in the course of his sermons, used such extravagant language that his congregation brought a charge of untruthfulness against him.

The case came up before a committee of the Conference, who decided that the minister was innocent of any intention to be untruthful, but was simply an habitual exaggerater. They advised, however, that the Bishop should reprimand the young man publicly. When this had been done with some earnestness, the subject of the reproval was visibly affected, and replied:

"Bishop, I have been conscious of this fault, and have mourned over it a great deal. I suppose I have *wept barrelfuls of tears over it.*"

PRONOUNCING.

SOME little profit and amusement may be derived from reading rapidly the following paragraphs. Look up all the doubtful words, then ask the different members of the family to read, and see who succeeds in making the fewest mistakes:

A courier from St. Louis, an Italian with italics, began an address or recitative as to the mischievous national finances.

His dolorous progress was demonstrated by a demonstration, and the preface to his sacerdotal profile gave his opponents an irreparable and lamentable wound.

He was deaf and isolated, and the envelope on the furniture at the depot was a covert for leisure and reticence from the fast grasp of the dancing legislature of France.

The dilation of the chasm or trough made the servile satyr and virile optimist vehemently panegyrize the lenient ally.

He was an aspirant after the vagaries of the exorcists and an inexorable coadjutor of the irrefragable yet exquisite Farrago, on the subsidence of the despicable finale and the recognition of the recognizance.

EXAMPLES OF FIGURES.

BELOW we give a few examples for practice. Read each extract carefully, and decide what figure is used in each case. Next week we shall give the number of the quotation and the name of the figure or figures in each:

1. "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk."—*Joel* 3. 18.

2. "To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same."—*Young.*

3. "Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard."—*Shakespeare.*

4. "Night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate."

5. "In war the bullet, in peace the ballot, rules."

Choice Quotations.

In pursuance of the plan we mentioned in our last issue, we give the following quotations to be memorized:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."—*Shakespeare.*

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."—*Shakespeare.*

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Anagrams.

This game is played in a number of ways, two of which we shall describe. A box of small, square pieces of card-board with a letter of the alphabet printed on each may be obtained at almost any toy-store. These cards should be all placed face down in a pile on a table about which the players are seated. Each player draws out one square of paper, and the one who gets a letter nearest *Z* must play first. If two players draw the same letter nearest *Z* they must draw again to decide the matter. The first player having been settled upon, his right-hand neighbor follows him, and so on around the circle.

The game is played as follows: No. 1 draws a letter from the pile, and as words of one or two letters are not counted, of course he cannot make any thing, but must put his letter down *face up*. Suppose this letter to be *O*. No. 2 draws *N*, but he cannot make the word *ON*, because it has only two letters. No. 3 draws *T* and immediately takes the *O* and *N* to make *NOT*. No. 4 draws *E*, triumphantly takes No. 3's *NOT* and makes it *NOTE*. No. 5 draws *S*, and before No. 4's smile has had time to fade, *STONE* lies before the happy possessor of *S*.

This description will give a clear idea of the game, which requires quickness and ingenuity. The player who first succeeds in showing *ten* words at the same time is the winner.

The same cards may be used in another way. Let one person select a word, and give the letters which spell it to another. The second one tries to discover the word and place the letters in their proper order.

An Amateur Athletic Club.

As the snow disappears and the warm weather approaches, the question with the boys is, "What shall we do for out-door games?"

We propose as a partial answer to this question the organization of an athletic club. There is a great deal more fun to be had out of a club of young fellows than in private enterprises. The very meetings and elections are a source of benefit and amusement. By putting the funds of the boy community together more can be done for the cause of exercise and recreation than by individual investment.

Now for the way to go to work. First invite all the fellows who are gentlemanly and enthusiastic to meet at some *rendezvous*, where boys are "wont to congregate," and propose a plan of organization. You want a *president*, a couple of *vice-presidents*, a *secretary*, a *treasurer*, and an *executive committee* for the officers of the club, and a *captain* to superintend the athletic drill and training.

If a number of the fellows ride bicycles, have a bicycle captain besides, who shall look after that department.

The idea is to bring under one organization all the athletic interests of a town, so that each will feel an interest in the other.

At an early date we shall publish a simple constitution and by-laws for the governing of such a club as we suggest, and later on give a programme for athletic sports.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

The roads will soon be in condition for riding, and wheels will appear in large numbers. During this damp and muddy weather a little white varnish will keep steel spokes from rusting. Many riders have their wheels painted all over instead of leaving the bright parts exposed. Even nickel-plate will not always resist moisture.

A steam tricycle has been invented by an American machinist. The boiler is a compact affair and the engine small but powerful. On a smooth road this quiet locomotive is said to run remarkably well. How long before we shall have steam bicycles?

In England there is an organization called the "Touring Club" which extends over the whole country. The representatives of the club in each town receive strange wheelmen, and show them every courtesy. In many places this club has put danger signs along the road, and in fact done a great deal to make a bicycle trip through England safe and agreeable.

The L. A. W. (League of American Wheelmen), a similar organization in the United States, is doing excellent work in the same line.

Magical Calculations.

Those who are fond of mystic problems may be interested in the following paragraph from "The Boys' Own Paper:"

You invite any one to write down two figures, ranging from 1 to 6—or, better still, to choose two such numbers hap-hazard by drawing a domino. You then invite him to—

1. Double the first number.
2. Add 5 to the result.
3. Multiply the total by 5.
4. Add to the product the second number, and tell you the total.

From such total you privately deduct 25; the remainder will be a number of two digits, representing the two figures required.

Thus, suppose that the chosen domino is a 3, 4. Then—

1. $3 \times 2 = 6$
2. $6 + 5 = 11$
3. $11 \times 5 = 55$
4. $55 + 4 = 59$

Subtracting 25 from 59, the remainder will be 34, giving the precise numbers required. If the process had been worked in the reverse order, that is, calling 4 the first and 3 the second number, the result would have been 43, and would therefore still represent the numbers of the domino, though in opposite order.

The same method may be adapted to the discovery of three figures. The process is the same as above so far as regards the first two figures, the only addition being to multiply the result thereby obtained by 10, and add to the product the third number. In this case, instead of deducting 25, you deduct 250.

Thus, suppose the three figures to be 3, 4, and 6: Then—

1. $3 \times 2 = 6$
2. $6 + 5 = 11$
3. $11 \times 5 = 55$
4. $55 + 4 = 59$
5. $59 \times 10 = 590$
6. $590 + 6 = 596$

And 250 subtracted from 596 leaves a remainder of 346, giving the three figures required.

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Good books are but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every thought touches on some chord of our lives that will vibrate in eternity.—*E. H. Chapin.*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*John Milton.*

Books are the scaffolding by means of which God builds up human souls.—*Humboldt.*

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The pleasant books that silently among our household treasures take familiar places, and are to us as if a living tongue spake from their printed leaves or pictured faces.—*Longfellow.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

France.

(Area, 204,092 sq. miles; population, 37,672,048; ruler, President Jules Grévy, elected 1879.)

FRANCE is well fitted by nature to be one of the most prosperous countries of Europe. Four fifths of the soil is productive; the climate is mild, and the people are frugal and industrious. The highest mountains—the Alps and the Pyrenees—are along the boundaries. The Cevennes, which form the water-shed of the country, nowhere exceed 7,000 feet in height. Transportation is furnished by navigable rivers, canals, and by 18,000 miles of railroads.

About one half of the people of France live by agriculture. They cultivate grain, the vine, hops, olives, beet-root (for sugar), and potatoes. Mulberry-trees are grown for the silkworms. Nine million people are engaged in the manufacture of silks, cottons, woolens, and linens; jewelry, pottery, leather goods, etc. The commerce in these products is extensive. The chief centers of trade are Paris, the capital of France, and one of the most magnificent cities in the world, Lyons, St. Etienne, Lille, and Toulouse, while the seats of foreign commerce are the sea-ports of Marseilles, Havre, Nantes, Rouen, and Bordeaux.

There is no state religion, though the more numerous sects receive grants of money from the government. The last census gave thirty million Roman Catholics, about seven hundred thousand Protestants, and seven million persons who acknowledged no religion. Since 1872 education has been compulsory, and the once prevalent illiteracy is disappearing. The national debt amounts to $5,000,000,000, and is increasing annually. The colonies of France are extensive, but not of great value. Corsica it reckoned as a part of France, and Algeria is more closely connected with the home government than the other possessions in Africa, Asia, and America. Annam, Tonquin, and Tunis are "French protectorates."

When the Roman Empire was overrun by the northern tribes in the fifth century, A.D., the province of Gaul was seized by the Franks. Their kings introduced Christianity, and ruled for many years. Charlemagne (768–814) conquered parts of Germany and Italy, and became emperor of the West. His empire fell apart, and in 987 one of the nobles, Hugh Capet, seized the crown and proclaimed himself king of France. The land was divided among a number of great lords, one of whom, William of Normandy, conquered England in 1066. Through the Middle Ages France was engaged in the Crusades to the Holy Land, or in disastrous wars with the English. The century of English wars, which began in 1328, is famous for the battles of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and for the life and death of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl who roused her countrymen to expel the English. Then followed a series of fruitless attempts to extend French conquests in Italy, and the religious strife which occasioned the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew" (1572), and which was ended by the "Edict of Nantes" (1598), granting freedom to the Protestants.

Under Louis XIV. (1643–1715) a group of illustrious generals raised the military reputation of the country to the highest point; commerce flourished, and the wealthy lived in unprecedented luxury. But the common people were miserably neglected, and their condition grew worse till the Revolution of 1789, when they took the government into their own hands. The king, Louis XVI., was beheaded, and a republic was proclaimed. Napoleon Bonaparte by his military genius made himself ruler of the state. He shattered, again and again, the armies which allied Europe sent against him, but was finally defeated at Waterloo (1815). The old royal family was restored, but lost the throne by incompetency. In 1830 Louis Philippe was elected "Citizen King." Eighteen years later (1848) he was dethroned to make way for a new republic. Louis Napoleon, a nephew of Napoleon I., turned the republic into an empire (1851) with himself at its head as Napoleon III. His rule was absolute, and for a time France flourished. The emperor, however, meddled much with foreign politics, and (1870) sought a quarrel with Prussia. His armies were defeated and he was captured.

The republic was again established, and peace was purchased (1871) at the price of two provinces and $1,000,000,000. The republic has now lasted for fifteen years, and the present form of government is apparently acceptable to a majority of the people, though a strong party still advocates the restoration of the monarchy.

"GAY, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please."
—*Goldsmith.*

"FAREWELL to thee, France! when thy diadem crowned me
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth;
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
O for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won!
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun!"
—"*Napoleon's Farewell*," *Byron.*

French Affairs.

THE French Chamber of Deputies, the Lower House of the National Legislative Assembly, has voted to dispose of the crown jewels to produce a fund for the support of aged workmen. The value of the collection is placed at $40,000,000. Aside from their money value, many of these articles will be eagerly sought on account of their historical associations. These are the gems which have adorned many a royal levee, but which have seemed out of place in the simpler fashions of the republic. Probably the most famous stone in the collection is the Pitt, or Regent, diamond, one of the finest in the world. This gem was purchased in India of a Parsee many years ago for $60,000. The regent of France paid $600,000 for it in 1717. Napoleon I. brought this diamond back from Holland, whither it had been taken, and had it set in the handle of the sword of state. It is now said to be worth more than $2,000,000. The debate in the Chambers upon the question of the sale naturally aroused the monarchists to an effort to preserve these relics of a regal state which they wish to see re-established.

One of the deputies, a Radical, or extreme Republican, followed up the question of selling the jewels with notice of a motion to banish the Orleanist princes from the country. These princes are the descendants of Louis Philippe and the former kings of France. The present head of the family is the Count of Paris, who was a member of Gen. M'Clellan's staff during our Rebellion, and who has written a history of the "Civil War in America," which ranks among the best works upon that subject. The presence of this family, whose members are the representatives and heirs of the former tyrannical rulers of France, causes some uneasiness, but there is little reason to believe that they will be banished so long as they make no effort to recover the throne.

Two Investigations.

THE U. S. House of Representatives has appointed a committee to investigate what is known as the "Telephone Case," and a committee of the New York Legislature is seeking to learn the facts regarding the building of the Broadway street railroad. Since these two investigations occupy much space in the newspapers it will be well to understand their objects.

The telephone case, briefly stated, is this. The telephone business of this country is practically monopolized by the Bell Company, which owns the principal patents, and has realized immense profits from the use of them. A few years ago the Pan-Electric Company was organized to operate telegraph and telephone lines under a number of patents which apparently conflict with those of the Bell Company. The Pan-Electric stock was distributed in large amounts among certain prominent men. This stock was valueless unless the Bell patents were annulled. One of the largest stockholders was appointed by the President to be Attorney-General of the United States. Within a few months it was announced that the U. S. government had decided to test by law the validity of the Bell patents. Some persons immediately accused the Attorney-General of using the influence of his high office to give value to the $1,500,000 in Pan-Electric stock which he owns. It is this charge which is under Congressional investigation.

The New York legislative committee has been for some time endeavoring to learn how the Broadway surface railroad obtained its charter. The aldermen of New York city voted in August, 1885, to grant the Broadway Surface Railroad Company the right to lay tracks and run cars on the busiest street of the city. The mayor vetoed the action of the aldermen. A few days later a secret meeting of the aldermen was held and the charter was granted in spite of the mayor's veto. The tracks were laid and the new line was immediately profitable. The question arose, What led the aldermen to vote away one of the most valuable privileges within their gift upon terms which brought but little money into the treasury of the city? The answer was, Bribery. It is charged that Jacob Sharp, the manager of the Broadway scheme, paid the city officials for their action. The State authorities are examining this accusation. Mr. Sharp has been called as a witness, but his memory has deserted him, and though his check book shows that he has recently paid out large sums of money he is utterly unable to remember the persons to whom the money was paid or the purposes to which it was applied. The scandal connected with this investigation has recalled the corruption in New York fifteen years ago when the "Tweed ring" was plundering the city.

Parliament in Session.

THE gentlemen whom Mr. Gladstone selected as members of his cabinet were compelled by law to appeal to their districts for re-election to the House of Commons. Parliament, which adjourned over these elections, reassembled February 18. Much interest was felt in the opening speech of Mr. Gladstone, for it was supposed that he as the leader of the new gov-

ernment would announce the main features of his plan for dealing with the Irish question. The Premier disappointed his hearers, however, telling the Commons that he could make no statement upon that subject until various financial matters had been disposed of. This implies a postponement of the Irish business until the latter part of March. Among the many rumors regarding Mr. Gladstone's policy is one to the effect that the government intends to buy out the Irish landlords and to let the land at low rents to the present tenants.

The Death of John B. Gough.

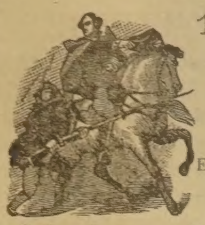
MR. JOHN B. GOUGH died in Philadelphia, Pa., February 18, from the effects of an attack of apoplexy and paralysis which had stricken him down three days previous while delivering a lecture. He was born at Sandgate, England, August 22, 1817, and came to this country twelve years later. He learned the trade of a book-binder and worked for a time in the Methodist Book Concern in New York, but the habit of intemperance grew upon him and interfered with his work. Gifted by nature with a fine voice, he supported himself for a time by singing in low concert halls and acting in third-rate theaters. He became a confirmed drunkard, and had almost killed himself by drinking when, in 1842, he was induced to attend a temperance meeting at Worcester, Mass. He there signed the pledge, only to break it five months afterward. Urged by his friends he renewed his resolve to give up drinking, and this time he kept his word. His first temperance addresses were delivered in 1842. They were rich with wit and anecdote, and at once became popular. For years Mr. Gough has been the most widely known of American lecturers, and his stirring and persuasive appeals have done much to advance the cause of temperance and right living not only in America, but in his native England.

Pronunciation.

Ag'in-cōurt, or A-zhăn-koor'.	Lille (Leel).
Al-gē'ri-a (-jē'-).	Ly'ŏns.
An-năm'.	Mar-seilles' (-sailz').
Arc (Ark).	Nantes (Nănts).
Bō'na-parte.	Na-pō'le-on.
Bor-deaux' (-do')	Nor'man-dy.
Ce-vennes' (Sā-vĕn').	Păr'is.
Char-le-māgne (Shar-le-mān').	Păr'see.
Cor'sĭ-ca.	Poi-tiers (Poi-teerz').
Cre'cy (Krĕs'sē).	Pyr-e-nees' (-neez').
Cru-sādes'.	Rou'en (Roo'en).
Gough (Gŏf).	St. Et-i-enne (Sant Et'e-en').
Havre (āv'r or Hav'er).	Ton-quin' (-keen').
Jōan.	Tou-louse' (Too-looz').
Jules Grévy (Zhool Grā'-vĕh).	Tu'nis (Too'nis).
	Worces'ter (Woos'ter).

A Brief Survey.

RAINS and melting snows caused a flood in Boston Feb. 12–14, and occasioned serious washouts upon the railroads of the Eastern States.——At an anti-Chinese Convention held at Portland, Oregon, Feb. 13, resolutions were passed condemning the recent action of the Governor of Washington Territory in suppressing the rioters at Seattle.——Bills have been introduced in both Houses of Congress aiming to prohibit absolutely the immigration of Chinese into the United States.——Count von Moltke, Field-marshal of the German Army, and the most famous of the Prussian leaders in the war with France (1870–71), is reported ill. He is in his eighty-sixth year. ——The labor troubles of the week include strikes at the Amoskeag Cotton Mills, Manchester, N. H.; at the M'Cormick Reaper Works, Chicago; among the freight handlers of New Orleans; and on New York street-car lines. The strike in the coke regions of Pennsylvania continues.——The French Premier has asked England to withdraw her troops from Egypt. ——Four socialists have been arrested for instigating the London riots.——The total production of coal in the United States last year was 96,931,775 tons, of which one third was hard, or anthracite, and two thirds soft, or bituminous.——The project of holding a World's Fair at Paris in 1889 has received little support, and the fair will be abandoned or postponed one year.——Lord Dufferin, the English Viceroy of India, has decided to garrison the newly conquered Burmese territory with 16,000 troops.



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—"This miserable editor! I sent him a poem of ten verses, saying that the last four verses might be omitted without injuring the sense. He returns it with the remark, 'So may the first six.'"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—Observant and inquiring tourist—"There does not appear to be much farm-work doing about here?"
Peasant—"No, sir."
Tourist—"How do the people live—on potatoes and buttermilk, I suppose?"
Peasant (brightly)—"No, sir—on the visitors."—*London Fun.*

—One of the cruelest retorts made by any musical audience is reported from California. A vocalist was warbling to her own great satisfaction, "O, would I were a bird."
A rough miner replied, "O, would I were a gun."—*Musical Courier.*

—"How is your son doing, Mr. Smith, who went to New York a few years ago?"
"He has made a name for himself," said Mr. Smith.
"Indeed! In what way?"
"I understand he calls himself Smythe."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—English Importation—"Miss Fanny, if you will consent to be Mrs. 'Arrison, nothing will be wanting to make hour 'appiness complete."
Miss Fanny—"You forget one thing."
E. I.—"Er—what is it?"
Miss Fanny—"An *H.*"—*Puck.*

—Mott Street Sunday-school teacher (to Wun Lung, a new recruit)—"Do you understand, Wun Lung, the beautiful song we have just finished, 'Where, O where, are the Hebrew children?'"
Wun Lung—"Yep, me undlestland."
Teacher—"Where are the Hebrew children?"
Wun Lung—"Heblew childlen down on Blaxtee Stleet."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Wife—"What a very polite young man Mr. Dumley is!"
Husband—"Yes? I never discovered it."
Wife—"He was very polite to me last evening. Among other compliments he spoke very pleasantly of my singing."
Husband—"Did he? That *was* polite."—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Pa, is an English shilling so sharp that it will cut?"
"What foolishness, Tommy."
"Well, I heard you read in a paper of a man in England cutting off his heir with a shilling."—*Courier Journal.*

—"Pawpaw," said a New Jersey young lady, "will you look into the dictionary for 'mosquito,' and let me know how it is spelled?"
"Taint here," said the old man, after a search.
"It must be, pawpaw. Have you looked carefully?"
"I've been through the S's five times, an' there aint nothin' that even looks like 'skeeters.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

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She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus, and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques, and the Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the victims that they gnawed;
She'd discuss the learned charmer, the theology of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vandals, and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man;
But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor, voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.—*Lynn Union.*

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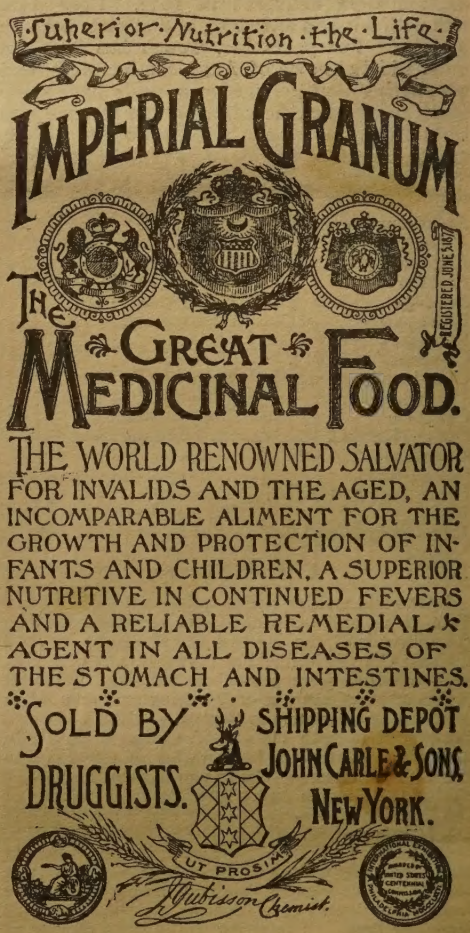
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